

Winters Advertiser

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NO. 46.

The Winters Advocate.

W. O. WARNOCK.

PUBLISHED AND PROPRIETOR.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

MASSON BUILDING, BAYVIEW ST., bet. Main and Abby, Winters, Yolo County, Cal.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

By mail, post-paid, per annum, in advance, \$2.50

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The Seed.

The farmer planted a seed.

A little, dry, black seed;

And off he went to other work,

For the farmer was never known to

shirk,

And cared for what he had need.

The night came with its dew,

The cool and silent dew;

The dawn came and the day,

And the farmer worked away

At labor not a few.

Home from his work one day,

One glowing summer day;

His children showed him a perfect

flower,

It had burst its bloom that very hour,

How, I cannot say.

But I know it the smallest seed

In the soil of love be cast.

Both day and night will do their part,

And the sower who works with a trust

Will find the flower at last.

A Fantasy.

BY MARY S. WILKINSON.

If I awoke, some morn,

And down the stair descending all forlorn

Of wretched faces find the world below—

No mother's smile, no kiss, no baby's brow,

No sister taking up the thread, half spun,

Of last night's talk (some talks are never

done);

Outside the door

If then I wended, seeking soft Lenore,

Or welcomed stately sweet, of Lady Clare,

Or stayed my step at gracious Anna's stair,

Or sought gay Lili for a tilt of words,

Keen and inspiring as tourney words;

And here and there,

For whisper of the wise, smile of the fair,

For, say, gay courtesies, lightsome pleas-

ures;

For the dark splendor of some gorgeous

eyes,

Forever there, soul-comrade, if a bare,

Blank, very vacancy should on me stare;

If then should speak

Some right-authentic angel, "They you seek

In truth they ever were; they did but seem;

Phantasies were they, figments, fantasies,

Projections of thy own thought, only these."

Ah, met! alas!

If all this grammar should come to pass,

I think I should believe him,—should believe;

For would his disincarnate deeply grieve,

Not greatly startle nor bewilder me,

Soul-comrade, say, 'twere also said of thee!

—Scribner's.

Tiger Hunting in India.

"Sahib, another death!" reported a

passing policeman, lifting his hand, in

salute, to his turban, as he passed my

Death of the Tongueless Woman.

Mrs. Mary C. Burnham, says the

Ranva Democrat, whose misfortune of

losing her tongue attracted so much atten-

tion two years ago, died in Rostow, Friday,

July 28th, 1876. Mrs. Burnham had been

afflicted for about twenty years with a

bronchial or throat difficulty. Her tongue

became paralyzed, and she gradually lost

the use of this member. During this

time her husband was generally good. On

Tuesday, January 25th, 1874, she had a

spell of bleeding of the tongue and throat

in the forenoon. While at dinner, being

to all appearances choked with a piece

of meat, with an effort to expel it her

tongue fell out of her mouth. A surgeon

of physicians was held, at which it was

disclosed that under her tongue there was

a cancer which, enlarging, had destroyed

that member as above stated. Soon after

this decision a new theory was developed.

Some of these medical men denying that

there was a cancerous condition of the

tongue and throat, asserted that the tongue

had been destroyed by catarrh, which had

entered the nervous connection of the

tongue and throat, paralyzing the tongue,

which was followed by a natural decay of

the connections of the tongue. The basis

of this theory was the sound condition of

the tongue and the apparent healing of

the throat and mouth. Mrs. Burnham

felt no unusual pain at the time. Strange

as it may seem, Mrs. Burnham, while her

tongue was paralyzed, so cultivated a con-

trol of the other organs of speech, that

"Richer than New York," she was able to

make herself understood by those accus-

tomed to hear her. The singular loss of

the tongue produced considerable aston-

ishment at the time and occasioned not a

little comment. The death of Mrs. Burn-

ham was caused by the same disease,

that destroyed her tongue. After the loss

of her tongue this same disease attacked

other organs, consuming vital parts, pro-

ducing eventually a stroke of paralysis,

which she was unable to swallow

and literally starved to death. Mrs. Burn-

ham was able after the loss of her tongue

to perform her household duties as usual

up to this spring, when she commenced

gradually to fail. She died on Friday

last for almost twelve weeks prior to

her death.

James Gordon Bennett.

A New York correspondent of the

Buffalo Advertiser, under the head of

"Richer than New York," has the fol-

lowing gossip concerning the editor of

the New York Herald:

Insanity in the United States.

The intelligent care of the insane, with

a view to the restoration to health and

society, is so recent that it may be dated,

in the United States, in the present cen-

tury. The time is even within the recol-

lection of many now living, when faith in

the curability of the disease became gen-

eral, even among medical men. Upon

the dawning of the belief that insanity

was susceptible of cure, hospitals began

to be built, for the two-fold purpose of

custody and treatment; for besides the

difficulty of taking care of lunatics at

home, it was found that comparatively

few recovered. From this period hospitals

began to be regarded as not only the best,

but to most persons the only places for

the insane. Hence an increasing demand

for their accommodation; and though

their numbers have multiplied largely,

and have greatly increased in size, they

are still inadequate to entertain all who

knock at their doors and with piteous

appeals seek admission. In this connec-

tion may be noted a curious result of the

establishment of new hospital facilities.

The newer States, in estimating the hos-

pital capacity necessary for their insane,

have naturally consulted the census sta-

tistics to find what number to provide

for; but it is invariably found that when

a hospital is opened for the accommoda-

tion of a given district, the applications

for admission far exceed its capacity,

largely outnumbering the statistics col-

lected by the census-taker. The country

seems suddenly thronged with insane

people, and we are apt to be impressed

with the belief that this dread disease is

largely on the increase. But the probable

fact is that no such increase really exists.

It is not unnatural that, mainly out of

family pride, the questions of the census-

takers are often evaded, and the relatives

of the unfortunate patient, seeing no ben-

efit to come from revealing this "skeleton

in the closet," keep it from observation.

But, promptly when an asylum is opened

within their reach, free to all without

pay, the curtain is drawn and they come

forward with their afflicted.

That insanity does not increase, pro-

rata, at least in the United States, is

proven by the census returns for the past

twenty years. In 1850, this country had

a population of 23,191,876, and a total

number of insane and idiots of 31,397,

or 1 in 738. In 1860, with a population of

31,443,323, there were 42,864 insane and

idiots, or 1 in 733. And in 1870, with a

population of 38,555,933, there were 61,-

Oat Meal Diet.

Mrs. Jane Ferrol of Cincinnati has

been showing the people of that place

some young women whom she has trained

with the view of increasing their health

and strength. She has made remarkable

success in her attempt, according to the

accounts in the newspapers. There are

three main features in her system. She

makes her female pupils take a great

deal; she puts them in plain attire, and

she feeds them entirely upon oatmeal. The

walking exercise is good, if it is not car-

ried too far; the dress we could not

judge of, without seeing it; the exclusively

meat diet we disapprove of, and do not

believe that it will produce health and

strength. Yet we think very highly of

oatmeal porridge as an article of daily

food. It makes an exceedingly whole-

some diet, and is especially good, if the

meal is good, if it is properly mixed,

stirred and boiled, and if when consum-

ing it, you have plenty of rich milk. You

can hardly take too much of it, so easily

does it digest, and so kindly is its action

upon the system. It contains elements

that are especially advantageous that are

not found in wheat bread or in any

cereal but oats, and that go to the growth

of the bony structure. Most children are

fond of it, and this is because it accords

with the demands of their nature. It is,

moreover, one of the cheapest as well as

one of the most nourishing kinds of food,

and we are surprised it is not more gen-

erally used by people who cannot spend

